

Supper is over,
Now for the fun,
This is the season
Children must run.
Papa is reading,
Says of those boys:
"Pray, did you ever
Hear such a noise?"

Riding on "camels"
Over the floor,
See, one's a squirrel
Climbing the door.
There goes the baby
Flat on his nose,
Brother was trying
To tickle his toes.

Little he minds it,
Thought he would cry,
Changed it to laughter
As Lynn galloped by.
Order is nowhere,
Fun is the rule,
Think they are children
Just out of school.

Home is their palace,
They are the kings,
Let them be masters
Of just a few things,
Only one hour
Out of all day
Give them full freedom,
Join in their play.

Do not be crusty,
Do not forget
You liked to manage—
Sometimes do yet.
Home will be sweeter
Till life is done
If you will give them
One hour of fun.

A JUDGMENT.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

Perhaps the most cruel thing that can be done on earth is to destroy a woman's reputation. It is bad enough if she is guilty; but if she is innocent, how much more terrible!

Poor Agnes Cahill! She knew what trouble is. But, thank heaven! she knew what it is to be triumphantly vindicated.

Agnes was not beautiful, but she was fascinating—one of those glowing creatures who draw as the flame draws the moth. Her smile was sunshine, her voice was a bird's voice, her every motion was grace. Coquette she was not; yet there were, perhaps, a score of men who thought, or hoped that she was in love with them.

I think Albert Vassar knew from the first that there was no chance for him; yet he hovered about her, put on airs of ownership, tried to keep others away, and watched her with bitter, jealous eyes. Agnes stared, was annoyed, but pitied him, and hardly knew how to get rid of him. She was too good-natured to show him the door, to tell him to be gone, but fancied she could mollify him with smiles. Of course, it was one of the worst mistakes that she could make.

Albert Vassar was handsome, but had a snaky beauty, small, slight, shining in his black hair and black eyes, shining with a marble whiteness even in his regular little hateful nose, forehead and mouth. His dress was always immaculate; he had nothing else to think of, and money enough; and, though neither witty nor well-read, he managed to keep up with the questions of the day, and have a sharp word to say about everything.

"What do you let him come here for, Agnes?" I asked her one evening, when the creature had been rendering himself more than usually odious.

"Oh, he doesn't mean to be disagreeable," she said, indignantly. "I don't like to be hard on him. Besides, how can I tell him to stay away?"

"You can say to him plainly, when he snaps out of his impudence," I said, "that you cannot allow your friends to be insulted, or yourself to be made uncomfortable."

The girl's sweet face wore a troubled look.

"What can I do?" she asked. "It is hard to be harsh to one who likes me. Besides, I know that he is irritable and unpopular, and since others will not have patience with him, that seems the very reason why I should. I try to soothe and coax him; and, sometimes, you've no idea how pleasant he is."

"Then you mean to let him drive all your other friends away?" I asked, crossly.

"Certainly not. But there is no necessity for that. He isn't here all the time."

"But he is half the time," I said. "And may I ask if you intend to marry him?"

Agnes looked at me in astonishment, and, presently, with indignation. "I consider that an insulting question, Mr. Arnold," she said, coldly.

"He means to marry you," I said.

"You mistake!" she exclaimed, blushing crimson. "He never says anything of the kind. And if he had such a thought, the very friendliness and patience with which I treat him would show him how vain it is."

"Opinions differ," I remarked, carelessly, leaving my place at her side.

There was quite a little company of us. Agnes lived in a house where there were three other pretty girls, and where the people liked gaiety; and every evening that they did not go out the parlor was full.

Frank Jameson and Albert Vassar, both on the watch, started at the same moment. I left my seat, to take possession of it. Agnes saw them, and, with an affection of unconsciousness, got up, and walked in the direction of Frank.

"I was coming for you to play a game of chess," he said, eagerly.

She smiled and nodded, and the two went toward the corner where the chess-table stood. I glanced at Vassar. He was looking like a thundercloud, making a display of rage that made me

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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want to kick him. One moment he hesitated, then setting his head in the air, for all the world like an angry snake erecting his crest, started after the two. They placed the table and chairs, without appearing to notice him; and he drew up a chair beside that of Agnes, and seated himself in it with the air of one who is mounting guard over his property.

"Change seats with me, Miss Cahill," said Frank. "My chair is the better one and you will have the light over your shoulder."

She rose immediately and exchanged with him, Jameson's chair being in a recess where the other could not intrude himself. Vassar ground his teeth, started up, and seemed to be on the point of an explosion.

"You're standing in my light," said Jameson, tranquilly.

For a moment I thought that Vassar would strike him. His face was perfectly white, his hands were clenched, he was trembling violently. But he was a cowardly dog, and he saw that all in the room were looking at him with disgust—all except the two chess-players, who, without appearing to be aware of his presence, went quietly on with their game.

The fool stood one moment there, like a game-cock all ready for a fight, then turned and rushed out of doors. It was too ridiculous. Every one laughed.

"That fellow is fit only for a lunatic asylum," Frank Jameson said to me, contemptuously, as I took a seat by the two in their corner. "Or, if he is to live among sane people, he ought to have a caning every morning, that would keep him in order till the next."

But Agnes, I saw, was generously ready to take up for the weaker side. Seeing every one else despise and laugh at him had made her pitiful.

"I think you are all hard," she said nervously. "He has a bad temper, but that is less a fault than a misfortune. It would have been more polite and considerate if people had taken no notice."

"Well, he has the good sense to go out to cool himself," I said laughingly.

In fact, Vassar was at that moment walking up and down the pavement in the front of the house, hatless and frantic. Looking out, I could see him press his hands to his head, and swing his arms about. He was there when we went out to go home, an hour after.

"He means to go in and give her a blessing," I said to Jameson, as we walked away together.

He stopped and looked back.

"Do you suppose he does? She would be a fool if she should listen to a word from him. He is going, I declare. But, there, his hat is in the hall. Let's wait till he comes out."

We stopped ten minutes, but Vassar did not appear.

"That's Agnes right out," I said, losing patience, quite. "She is trying to soothe him. Jameson, my private opinion is that those women who are not knaves are fools."

Jameson stood silent and motionless another ten minutes; then, Vassar still not making his appearance, he turned impatiently to go.

"I believe you," he replied, rather tardily, to my last remark.

The next day, Bob Geyser came into my office (I am a lawyer, you know), and leaning over my chair whispered, "Vassar came back last night, and staid an hour with Agnes Cahill."

Bob had been of our party.

I growled out something not very complimentary to either of the two. I was mad with Agnes; for kindness may be carried too far, and I don't believe that a young woman is called on to evangelize a young man unless she is going to marry him.

"Isn't it queer, though?" asked Bob.

"No," answered I, explosively.

Bob whistled, and withdrew.

Later in the day I met Vassar, who had a satisfied smile on his face, which I would have gladly pulled out by the roots. He gave me a short nod and a grin, and turned his face away. His air was that of one who has something pleasant on his mind which he won't tell. "She is a fool," I thought, wrathfully, and went home to get ready for the opera.

Scarcely had I taken my seat in the front row of the first balcony, before I saw Agnes and Vassar come in below, and seat themselves in the parquet.

Frank Jameson was just behind me. He leaned over, and whispered in my ear, "I saw that puppy to-day, and he grinned at me in triumph. I believe she is going to marry him."

I watched the two, and saw clearly what Agnes was doing. She was trying to act as though she were pleased with his company—was treating him kindly. He was making a parade of fondness and attention. Before the evening was over, she got mad with him, and made him behave himself. She took her fan from him, and used it herself; she made him sit upright, and not loll on the arm of her seat, or half on her shoulder; and she put a stop to his whispering.

I glanced back, and saw Jameson smiling grimly.

"I don't believe she will ever go into public with him again," he said. "See how pale all her face is but that red spot

in each cheek. She is about as much ashamed of that calf as she can be."

I didn't see either Agnes or Vassar for a week after that, and then I saw them at her lodgings. She was looking rather pale and uneasy, and he was as black and bitter as a human being can be. There seemed to be a little sensation through the company, and I fancied that the two were left rather to themselves, but at the same time watched me.

Bob Geyser got me in a corner after a while, under the pretext of showing me a photograph, and whispered, "The devil's to pay about Vassar and Agnes. There's an anonymous letter been written to the mistress of the school (Agnes was a daily governess,) telling her that Agnes isn't as prudent as she ought to be, and that she is so much in the power of Vassar that she is afraid to offend him. It adds that if she has any friends they should make Vassar marry her. The letter was sent open, with a request to the postmaster to read it. Of course it all leaked out."

What was the use of raving? But I did. Agnes, it seemed, didn't know; and, vexed as we might be with her, none of us could tell her.

Time passed, and letter after letter of the same import, was written, sometimes to one, sometimes to another. The story thoroughly circulated, and there were found plenty to believe it. And still the girl defended him, and took his part, and still he treated her with that air of capricious, sulky fondness and authority. For two months or more, she did not know what was the matter, why her friends went by on the other side, why the schoolmistress grew cool, why the other teachers always had to go in another direction, and never could walk with her. Then it all burst upon her at once.

One day she appeared at my office, walking straight in, and coming to my desk with quick steps. At first, I didn't know her. Her face was ashen pale, her eyes sunken and wild, her very lips white. I said not a word, but took her by the hand, and led her into an inner room. She would not sit, but stood wringing her hands slowly.

"I am dismissed from the school, and requested to find another lodging," she whispered, hoarsely. "Now tell me what all this comes from. What started all these shameful stories, which I never heard a syllable of till last night?"

I told her all I knew. I would not reproach her now for her childhood foolishness, nor did she reproach me for not having told her sooner. I assured her that I had fought for her, and that this thunder-clap was as unexpected to me as to her.

"So it is to Vassar," she replied. "I sent for him at the house this morning, and asked him to clear me before them all. He swore that he had never said a word against me. He felt very uncomfortable; and after the others had gone away he asked me to marry him."

"Are you going to?" I asked.

Her eyes flashed out at me as she exclaimed, "No! But what I am to do? These stories are everywhere. Do you believe that they all came from those letters?"

"Certainly," I replied. "What did Vassar say at the house? Did he say that there wasn't a word of truth in the stories, and that you were entitled to respect?"

"I don't know," she said, confusedly, walking to and fro. "He swore over and over that he hadn't said one word against me."

"Didn't he swear that there wasn't a word to say?" I asked impatiently.

"I don't know. I suppose he meant that," she said wringing her hands.

I took my hat and went straight to the house with her, and, leaving her in the parlor, went to the dining-room to see Mrs. Walsh, the landlady.

"Vassar made a bad matter worse," the lady said. "He could have cleared her, and didn't. He never said that she was entitled to our respect, but only that he had never said anything against her."

"Do you know that he offered himself to her, and was refused?" I asked.

The landlady shrugged her shoulders. "I am sorry for Agnes," she said after I had raved a while. "She is a very amiable girl, but imprudent. I never could understand her taking up with him, and putting up with his caprices as she has. We have all talked to her about it, but without effect. Girls must be more prudent. I am sorry; but I have three unmarried daughters, and I would rather Agnes should go."

I talked an hour, but it did no good. Then I went out of town a little way, and called on an old friend of mine, a widow, and told her the whole story. She, good soul, consented to receive Agnes, and to help her.

Then I went to the schoolmistress.

"I feel very sorry for it," she said; "but, really, what could I do? The parents insisted that she should be removed. If the writers of those letters could be found and punished, she might be reinstated. I don't believe a word against her."

I told her my conviction, which had been a suspicion from the first, that Vassar had written the letters in order to

drive Agnes to have him. The schoolmistress was astonished, and at first incredulous.

"Why should he wish to taint a girl's name if he wanted to marry her?"

"Because he has all along seen that she will have him in no other way. Moreover, he is a coarse-natured fellow; and so long as he knows her to be good, doesn't care what others may say or think."

My next move was to take Agnes out to her new home, where she was received with open arms.

"May God reward you!" she said, sinking into the chair offered her, too weak and helpless to do anything for herself.

Mrs. Marion took her bonnet and shawl, and tenderly smoothed back the hair from her throbbing forehead.

"You poor child!" she said pityingly; "don't believe that all is lost. There are few who go through life without meeting some sorrow like this. You will come out all right. Never fear."

Agnes lifted her heavy, incredulous eyes to the widow's face.

"If it were anything else," she murmured, shivering. "But slanders against one's character—they are always remembered."

"Not always to their harm, dear," the widow persisted. "I have known persons who were thought more of, after it was known that they had been belied."

I left the two women together. A man is a bungler on such occasions, unless he is a lover; and that I was not, though I had never been so near it as when I saw Agnes in trouble.

Frank Jameson came to see me a day or two after; loitered into my room, nodded, and seated himself by a window without saying a word. I knew that he liked Agnes, but I had not known that he was so hard hit.

He looked very bad. I should have thought that he had gone through a fever.

"Hang it man! why don't you say something?" he said, savagely, after a few minutes.

"I've got nothing good to say, except one item, which comes rather late," I answered. "Agnes has turned Vassar off forever. She has refused him twice."

He looked up with a brightening face, saying, "Then who can think any harm of her? But are you sure?"

I told him of the first refusal. Since then Vassar had followed her to the widow's, and made a desperate effort.

He had first tried to frighten her, insisting that she was ruined unless she married him. That failing, he had begged abjectly, threatened to kill himself if she refused, and made a tremendous scene.

She asked him to go to all the people he knew, and tell them that he was ready to swear that no harm could be said against her, and he said that was no use. No body would believe him. It was evident that he didn't mean to clear her in any way, unless she consented to marry him.

"The scoundrelly coward!" burst out Jameson, rather awkwardly. "And does she pity him now?"

"No; for the first time she has begun to think that he was an enemy all the time."

"Come with me," said Jameson, after a moment's thought, rising with his fine face full of determination. "If Agnes will give me the right, I will make him do it if I have to thrash him from door to door."

He went out, and took a cab at the corner of the street in which Agnes was living. Scarcely had we taken half a dozen paces when we found ourselves face to face with Vassar. He had evidently been to see Agnes, and as evidently was again baffled; for his face was white and fierce, and he scowled at us as if he would have flown into our faces if he had dared. He evidently knew our destination.

"Shall I take him in hand now?" muttered Frank Jameson, between his teeth, half stopping.

"Come along, now," I whispered. "Time enough after you have seen her."

But I couldn't get him to go. He stood there looking after Vassar, and seemed on the point of following him.

"If he gets into the omnibus, I'll let him go this time," he said.

We watched as the omnibus came along the street. Vassar seemed to go toward it, but without signaling it.

The fact soon became evident that he did not see it at all; he was dazed—blinded by his feelings—walking, as it were, in a frenzied dream; for, ah! in another moment he was under the horses' feet, and then the omnibus (going down the hill at the time) was over him!

For a moment Jameson and I turned away, and stood looking in the opposite direction. To any one else we would have run instantly; but the thought of what had been in our hearts toward him, and in his toward us, made us pause.

"We ought to go," I said, then, glancing at the crowd that had gathered.

I spare the reader the sight we saw. It was evidently all over with Vassar.

"Do you know him?" asked a bystander of me, and when I said "Yes," gave me a letter. "This dropped out of his pocket," he said, "and you must give

it to his friends."

I took it, and mechanically put it into my pocket. Then we left the group that were only too officious to help the senseless wretch, and went on our way.

Agnes had been crying, we knew, when we saw her; but she received us with a sweet dignity that was more attractive than her former vivacious manner.

"We have seen Vassar out here," I began, hardly knowing how to tell her what had happened.

Instantly her face flushed scarlet, and she lifted her head with angry gesture. I had never seen in her before.

"Don't mention him to me, Mr. Arnold," she exclaimed. "He has been here, acting more like an insane person than one in his right mind. He is insulting. I told him never to address me again."

"I don't think he ever will address you again," I said seriously.

She seemed startled.

"What have you done?" she asked quickly, turning to Jameson.

He told her all. She sat down, looking very pale.

"May God forgive him!" she said, faintly. "He has wronged me bitterly, and now he can never do me justice."

I left Jameson to console her, as he seemed willing to, and went out to walk up and down the little garden. As I walked, thinking pitifully of the poor wretch, who, if he still lived, would probably go soon to his account, I recollected the letter that had been handed to me, and took it from my pocket. To my surprise, it was directed to the widow.

I immediately went into the house, and, finding Mrs. Marion in her kitchen gave her the letter, and told her what had happened. She sank into a chair, almost fainting.

"To think that even while he was being run over, I was wishing him ill!" she exclaimed. "He has just been here, and I ordered him never to come again. But what can it be for me?"

She drew a sheet of paper from the unsealed envelope, stared at it, glanced at the end, and read it through, her face growing sterner every moment. Then, when she had read it, without a word, she handed it to me. A glance was enough. I had seen those infamous anonymous letters, on the testimony of which Agnes Cahill's reputation had been blighted, and this was one of the same sort, and worse than any of the others. The object was to make the widow turn Agnes out.

I tried not to curse Vassar as I read this undeniable proof of his infamy. But I recollected what I had just seen, and tossed the letter away without uttering a word.

"I believe in hiding the faults of the dead, unless the honor of the living requires that they should be exposed," Mrs. Marion said sternly. "It is necessary that Agnes should be righted."

I agreed with her.

"But we must tell Agnes and Mr. Jameson," she said, going toward the door of the sitting-room where they were.

When she opened the door, it became evident that we might just as well have put off our communication a little longer. They were evidently a pair of lovers who walked in upon. But it was too late to retreat, and, besides, we were all too much shocked for any trifling. Agnes sat by her hand in Jameson's, and she did not withdraw it when we entered. But she smiled faintly, and looked at us with her sweet, tearful eyes.

We laid the case before them. Jameson agreed with the widow and myself; but Agnes objected.

"That is, unless you insist," she said, timidly to Jameson. "For myself, I would be willing to let him rest. You believe in me?" looking at him with a glance of grateful love.

As it happened, there was no need we should expose the slanderer, for he had already been found out. One who had suspected, had watched him, and seen him write the very letter that was picked up when he fell under the omnibus.

There was a splendid funeral over the wretch; and, a month afterward, Agnes Cahill and Frank Jameson were married; and this day there isn't a lady more highly respected than Mrs. Agnes Jameson.

It's a good thing to frighten evil speakers occasionally; and not one of them but would expect a swift judgment if he or she would utter a light word about the woman whom Albert Vassar died for persecuting.

Two bills affecting the sale of intoxicating liquors have lately been introduced in the assembly. The one introduced by Mr. Johnson, of Oswego county, provides for a general and uniform excise law, with the election of excise commissioners throughout the state on a separate ballot, but does not repeal the civil damage act. The other, introduced by Mr. Bowen, of Clinton county, is an out-and-out prohibitory act, being drafted and offered at the instance of the State Temperance Society. It prohibits the manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage, provides for the sale of liquors for medicinal purposes under careful restrictions, with severe penalties for violations.

Still Enough To-Day.

It made my heart ache yesterday when you struck the child, *because he made so much noise.*

Is he still enough for you to-day?

Last night, when he put up his sweet, rosy lips for a kiss, the thought came to me, how Christlike is a little child, though all unconsciously so; he forgives seventy times seven times the unjust words and blows of a thoughtless mother. I think I never went to see you but you complained of little Bertie's noise; I wonder if the child is quite still enough to please your most exacting wishes now?

The dear baby was a noisy child. It seemed to be inherent in his nature to pound and upset things; to shout at the top of his sturdy lungs; to improvise all manner of whoops and yells; but it was only the working of the forceful nature that God gave him. He was not a wicked child; there really seemed to be no evil in his nature. He greeted you always with a kiss.

I can see him now springing up into your lap, his beautiful face all afire with love, tumbling your collar, rumping your hair, disarranging your work—but, oh! loving you so!

And I have seen you submit to it frowningly, impatiently, with quick words, and as if it were a task which must be ended, glad when he had got through his rough caressings, that were so beautiful to me; calling him a little bear, and wishing—I will spare you a repetition of some of the speeches you have made, oh, wilful and thoughtless mother.

He is still enough to-day!

Last night a strong angel came in the mid watches, and he took your noisy baby out of your way. There was one look of unutterable love, one flinging up of his little arms to his mother, one passing smile so sweet no mortal hand could paint it—a smile for all the quick words and wordless shakings, the frowns, the blows on his pretty shoulders. Is it any wonder that their angels do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven?

Ah, he is very beautiful as I look at him now, waxen and cold, with the golden curls that will never need your finger to twine them any more; very lovely, very unlike "that noisy little thing."

His hands are exquisite in their fold, every dimple firmly marked, every tiny nail like clouded pearl, every lash on that softly rounded cheek distinct as perfect repose can make. The curve of the throat, the noble arch of the temples, the ringing mouth, the tender bosom, the dainty limbs, are they all still enough for you now?

I dare not stay in your home—I dare not. Its silence would almost madden me, remembering as I do how harshly you dealt with the noble soul God gave in your keeping. I should hear his marching step, bringing down that strong little foot with the ringing noise that made you "so nervous," with military precision, accompanied by his songs without language that ended in the heartiest, sweetest laugh I ever heard in my life.

I have often pitied the little creature, but it is you whom I pity now. You never knew the worth of the treasure left you, but you are counting it to-day with bitter tears. You are counting it on lips that never refused to respond to your kisses before; you are counting it on hands that loved to cuddle in your bosom; you are counting it on sealed eyes that always looked up to you in gladdest delight, save when their lids were widened with grieving wonder.

Still enough now.

You can knit, and sew, and read, and visit; there is nothing to hinder—save, perhaps, the memory of what will draw as bitter tears from your eyes as ever clouded mortal vision.

But your home will be very quiet.—*Mrs. Denison.*

Curious Customs.

In Wendish, Prussia, there are villages where certain old customs are still observed on the death of the head of a family. If the man should happen to have been a bee-keeper, one of the family goes to the hive, and striking the comb, exclaims, "Bees, arise

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAR. 11, 1875.

The Journal and Michigan Deaf-Mute Mirror will be sent for one year for \$1.85, post paid, to any address.

Religious Services.

There will be services for deaf-mutes in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday, the 14th inst., at 4 P. M. and in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 21st inst., at 2 P. M.

The Clarke Institution, at Northampton, Mass.

We have received the report of this interesting school. The number of pupils has been fifty-nine, with expenditures, current, \$22,391.42 and special, \$14,903.16.

The buildings are so arranged that each pupil has a room to himself, and there is no gathering into a common dormitory, as is the case with most of the other institutions; the girls and boys occupy different buildings, and meet only in the chapel, school-room and at meals. The debt of the institution has been reduced \$16,000 and when it is paid off, it is expected that more accommodations will be provided; at present pupils are refused for lack of room.

A class will be graduated this year; the principal reports progress in all the departments; Mr. Bell's "Visible Speech" is considered a valuable auxiliary to existing methods, and the report is remarkably free from discussion of the articulation question.

Obituary.

MR. SHEPHERD KNAPP.

We regret to announce the death, at his residence on Washington Heights, of Mr. Shepherd Knapp, for many years a director of the New York Institution.

Mr. Knapp was one of the leading citizens of the metropolis; he was president of the Mechanics Bank for thirty-seven years, and had been in the retirement of his beautiful rural home scarcely a year. His extensive grounds adjoined those of the Institution, and although in his eighty-first year, he was frequently seen on his lawn on a fine day, directing improvements thereon. For several years he was president of the Board of Directors, and it was always pleasant to see his venerable form at the annual meetings held at the Institution.

One by one the men who have grown up with the institution, are passing away and before long its weighty affairs will be left in the hands of the succeeding generation.

Chats with Our Correspondents.

W. A. B.—The blockade is raised as you see. When the mails are regular, the JOURNAL is regular. Hope you are satisfied.

W. E. S.—Most of the items contained in your news letter had been received before. In making extracts from newspapers, it is always best to preserve the original; don't try to improve on it.

J. J. B.—asks: "What do you think of the Deaf-mute Christian Association of Jackson (Mich.)?"

We think a good deal of it. In our opinion it is all a mistake to cry down these associations, because they are said to promote clannish tendencies. Deaf-mutes are seldom happier than when they get together, and in association with each other they find more enjoyment than they can anywhere else. The German critic disapproving upon conventions and deaf-mute gatherings generally, gave utterance to a great truth when he said that, however, highly the deaf-mute might be educated, and though he might be a marvel of articulate success, intelligently conversing with his fellow-men, yet his heart would always be with his

fellow-mutes. The feeling is rooted in the deaf-mute; it is a law of nature, and speculate as we will, we cannot get around it; no amount of education will overcome it; education at its best can but draw the lines and make the more intelligent associate with the intelligent. It is a waste of effort to tell the mute that if he wants to join an association, there are plenty composed of hearing and speaking men open to him; what pleasure can the membership afford him? A great man is advertised to lecture, he attends and the couple of hours or so are a bore to him; his hearing and speaking neighbor, who falls asleep and comfortably snores, is far happier. Who can blame him if he never attends again?

To bring the question home, suppose a hearing and speaking man totally ignorant of the sign language, should drop into a meeting where a deaf-mute was delivering an address in signs. Out of politeness he would probably remain till the close—but would he be a frequent visitor at other such meetings? Not he. And how would he feel if some one should gravely tell him he must associate with deaf-mutes as much as possible!—to stick to his own "clan" would be too clannish, etc. If he accepted this reasoning he would have for his consolation the fact that in time he could master the language of the mute and eventually be equal, in matters of pantomime, to the best of them. But the deaf-mute, on the other hand, has no such consolation, his language addresses the eye, and can therefore be made universal, the blind, of course, excepted. Lip-reading among intimate friends will answer at times and for particular cases, but, generally speaking, pantomime is the language of the mute, and will ever continue to be until that doubtful time when medical science is able to give us ears to hear.

Till then there will be deaf-mute conventions, deaf-mute associations, and deaf-mute newspapers and well there may be. Life is short, and is weary enough for all of us. We purpose to get what happiness we can, irrespective of the adverse opinions of those who call themselves our friends.

CHRIS—Thanks for your successful clabbing efforts. We appreciate them much. If all our readers, who have equal facilities, would do as much, the JOURNAL would soon be a marvel of Deaf-mute Journalism.

P. G.—We know little of the paper you mention. Get a specimen copy and judge for yourself. Cheap! It would be dear at any price.

Concerning Louisiana.

Some time since we published a paragraph to the effect that the Louisiana Institution had not had a case of death within its walls during the twenty years of its existence. We got the information from the *Pelican*, the institution paper, and supposed it to be all right, but a correspondent has been looking over the Louisiana institution reports and sends us the following extract from its eighth annual (1869):

"The general health of the pupils of the Institution has remained good. Probably no similar institution in the United States presents an equal exemption from disease. We are, however, at the end of seven years, called on to note the death of the first pupil within its walls. Miss Desire Bayhi, an interesting and accomplished young lady from New Orleans, bringing as it seems, the disease with her from her home, died on the twentieth of February from the effects of putrid sore throat, which towards its fatal termination, was complicated with inflammation of the brain. Her last hours were soothed by the presence of her devoted parents, whose deep sorrow all the inmates of the institution felt as their own. Lovely in health, beautiful in death, the last smile of earth seemed changed to a seraph's rapture above."

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY
HENRY WINTER SYLE.

Acknowledgment.

We are indebted to our friend, Mr. Pender W. Downing, Professor of Articulation in the Minnesota Institution, for the very interesting account given below, of the annual examination of the "New South Wales Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind," at Sydney, Australia. Similar assistance in rendering our department complete and interesting, will always be very acceptable.

We take the opportunity of correcting a slight mistake in our mention of the Society at Manchester, England. Its excellent and devoted chaplain, the Rev. G. A. W. Downing, is not our friend's uncle as we thought, but his father. All the better!

The Centennial.

A CORRECTION.

SHALL THERE BE AN INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF INSTRUCTORS?

If the editor of the *Advance*, will read our article, "A Hint for the Centennial"—of which he does not appear to have

looked at anything but the title—he will see that we did not say anything in it about a re-union of deaf-mutes, such as has been proposed in his own columns, or about any meeting at all. Nor did we say anything of the kind in our more recent article on the same topic.

We have not changed the opinion we expressed in the *Annals* two years ago, that, as generally managed, "deaf-mute conventions" are not productive of sufficient good results to outweigh the expense and other undesirable circumstances.

As to a gathering of *Instructors*, it is in the power of the Executive Committee, elected at Belleville, to call the Ninth Convention of American Instructors at Philadelphia during the Centennial, if they see fit. The time and place of the next convention were left in their hands by vote of the last, and entire confidence is felt in their judgment and their readiness to consult the wishes of the profession, as they did with reference to the recent convention.

Whether it will be possible to have an *International* Convention of Instructors, we very much doubt, judging by the failure of the attempt to have one at Vienna. But there does not seem to have been much effort to make it a success, and very likely better results would come from a more vigorous endeavor. The trouble would, however, be so great, and the chance of our visitors from abroad being able to make arrangements to come all at the same time, so small, we shall not be surprised if the Executive Committee do not think it worth while issuing a call. Any assistance we can give them by publishing what may be said on the subject in *Europe*, we shall not fail to give.

What we do urge, now, as in both our previous articles, is only an exhibition of the state and methods of deaf-mute education, both in this country and among the foreign nations which are represented in the Centennial. Of what articles the contributions should consist, will doubtless be indicated in the promised circular of the Executive Committee. Its non-appearance yet probably is due to the desire to make its directions full and precise.

In our opinion this object will best be attained by issuing without further delay a brief preliminary circular to the American institutions, requesting suggestions, and a general indication of what each will probably be able to contribute. A second circular, giving much more minute instructions, can then be prepared, in two or three months. But let the subject be brought directly before the members of the profession, individually, at once.

The Annual Examination of the Institution at Sydney, Australia.

The annual examination of the pupils of "The New South Wales Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind," was held yesterday afternoon, Dec. 18th, in the school-room of that establishment, at 3 o'clock; the Rev. George King (the President) being in the chair. Notwithstanding the unfavorable nature of the weather there was a very large attendance of friends and subscribers—eager to learn what was the progress of the children, and also to witness the distribution of prizes prior to the breaking up for the Christmas vacation. The proceedings were extremely interesting and suggestive, proving in the most absolute manner the excellent management of that institution, and its perfect adaptability to its appointed use and purpose. The President was supported on the platform by Mr. Paxton, Mr. J. Henry, Mr. Ellis Robinson (the hon. secretary), the Rev. J. Milne, the Rev. W. Ridley, and Mr. Alderman Linsley. The President opened the proceedings with a short address, explaining that they were there assembled for the annual examination of the children of the school, in order that those who supported it might know what had been the progress made during the last half year. These periodical examinations were found to exercise a very beneficial influence on the pupils, who looked forward to them with very pleasurable anticipations, and were encouraged by the sympathy and public support manifested on such occasions. The subjects in which the deaf and dumb pupils of the institution were instructed were outlines of English history, geography, rudiments of astronomy, grammar, Scripture history, and arithmetic—as far as practice and interest; and the more advanced blind pupils—all taught to read raised type—might also be examined on English History, geography, grammar, Scripture, mental arithmetic, the Definitions of Euclid, and the first 30 propositions of Euclid's First Book. Some of the blind pupils (girls and boys) were also taught the piano-forte and the harmonium. They had adopted, as far as possible, the form of education carried out at the Public schools, except that no clergyman was allowed to visit the institution for the purpose of imparting religious instruction—a principle agreed upon when the school was first opened, to avoid all possible grounds for sectarian feeling. The children, however, all attended their respective places of public worship every Sunday. The way in which this had been specially provided for was explained by the rev. gentleman, who likewise described the very satisfactory result of their arrangements, which was that the children all lived harmoniously together. He concluded by calling upon Mr. Samuel Watson (the master) to bring up the first class of the deaf and dumb children for examination. Fifteen deaf and dumb children—seven girls and eight boys—were then examined by questions on English History, and wrote down answers on the blackboard with rapidity, an intelligence, and a correctness, beyond all praise. The questions were of a miscellaneous and searching character, and the replies given by both girls and boys amply proved the intelligence of the children and the excellence of the teaching they had received. Questions put

by gentlemen present, not connected with the institution, showed that the historical studies of these children, so far as they had been carried, were of the most satisfactory character. In geography, the examination was equally successful; and in the rudiments of astronomy and Scripture history it was made evident that these poor afflicted children had been taught to think, as well as to exercise their memory. It was pleasing to see the animation which they displayed in watching the questions and answering them; and their affectionate and respectful deportment towards their teacher. The blind pupils then sang the hymn of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," to a harmonium accompaniment, played by a pleasant bright little fellow named Robert Allison. Three children—two girls and a boy—then played a trio on the piano-forte, taken from "Mazurkiewicz," and a blind girl also played a piano solo on "Home Sweet Home." The progress made by these children in music reflected the highest credit upon the music teacher, Miss Sharp, L. A. M., who herself gave several prizes to her more advanced pupils. Mr. Watson said that, as it was so near Christmas, it might perhaps be not inappropriate to have one of the deaf and dumb boys sign the story of the Wise Men who came to see the infant Christ; and he called upon one of the deaf and dumb children to do so. This was done by a little lad about nine years of age, the master interpreting as the story was mutely given—a most beautiful and interesting scene, which drew tears from many eyes. Robert Allison then recited one of the Ingoldsteyn Legends—"The Jackdaw," with much quiet humor and success. After that recitation a blind girl named Sophia Read—only twelve months in the institution—read a passage from Scripture, from raised type, on the "Lucas System." Then there was another song—Harroway's "Sunny Hours of Childhood." A presentation was made to Mr. S. Watson, the master, of a very beautiful book—the "Earth delineated by the Pen and Pencil." This book was presented to the master by Mrs. Paxton, who like Mr. Paxton takes a great interest in the institution. The President handed the book to Mr. Watson, with a few words of high commendation, which Mr. Watson suitably acknowledged with thanks for the gift. The distribution of prizes then began—wax dolls for all the younger blind girls (presented by Mrs. Sabar), and books for the deaf and dumb. A special prize for industry was awarded to Jane Golding (a deaf and dumb girl), and a similar prize to another deaf and dumb girl (Maria Sparks) for her sewing. These two prizes (a work-box and a desk) were given, with many others, by Mrs. J. H. Goodlet. A blind lad recited the "Bridge of Sighs" very creditably, and a letter was read (written by a deaf and dumb boy named William Eggleston) on his leaving the school. It was a good letter, and listened to with pleasure. It was read to the company by the honorary secretary, Mr. Ellis Robinson. More prizes were given to the children, until every one of the little things had at least two or three books for the holidays to read or hear read. The proceedings concluded with "God Save the Queen," played and sung by the blind. Mrs. Joseph Paxton and Mrs. W. Sabar gave many of the books awarded. The elder blind boys have, it is understood, made a very fair progress in Latin, under the tuition of Mr. Watson, but there was not time to hear them duly examined, which was a matter of some regret. The school contains fifty-four children—eleven blind, and forty-three deaf and dumb. Owing to the desire of the directors not unduly to prolong the examination, one thing was inadvertently omitted, which all would have liked to see, and that was the way that the blind and deaf and dumb scholars converse with each other. This is done by the blind pupil feeling the speaking hands of the deaf and dumb pupil, and returning an answer in the same way. This school is evidently in an efficient state. The head master is Mr. S. Watson, Mrs. Ashton is the matron, and Miss Campbell is the assistant teacher.—*Sydney Herald*, Dec. 19th, 1874.

Confirmation in Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet came to Philadelphia, on Saturday, Feb. 27th, and on Sunday had the pleasure of baptizing two deaf-mutes at St. Stephen's church, and then presenting them and six others—eight in all—to Bishop Stevens for confirmation. In the afternoon he conducted service for the deaf and dumb, about sixty being present, and preached an excellent sermon. It was addressed principally to those just confirmed, exhorting them to remember that they were now "grafted into Christ," and to depend on Him for spiritual life. The rector of St. Stephen's, Rev. Dr. Rudder, also said a few words.—Dr. Gallaudet interpreting—to assure the congregation of his hearty affection and interest.

It would have been very pleasant if Rev. Dr. Clerc could have been present, to witness the harvest gathered in, which had been sown by his faithful and self-denying labors in past years. But his duties at Burlington College, N. J., prevented. He was in Philadelphia on Saturday, and expressed great regret that he could not remain over Sunday, sending an affectionate message to his former charge. H. W. S.

Couldn't Stand it.

We take the following from the non-sense column of the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, and suppose it is made out of whole cloth:

A young man out west married a deaf and dumb girl. Recently, however, she recovered both speech and hearing, and he has applied for a divorce. He says it is the most outrageous swindle he ever heard of, and we think he is right.

Deaf-Mutes.

The New York correspondent of the *Troy Times*, speaking of deaf-mutes says: "The national census of these unfortunates gives an aggregate of 16,205, the proportion being 8,916 males to 7,289 females. New York contains 1,783 of this class, for whose improvement the State pays a large sum annually. Their culture is of a very hopeful character, and the usefulness to which they have been elevated is to a high degree gratifying. I may refer to such illustrations of this success as are found in Mrs. Peet, wife of the professor of that name at the Washington Heights institution, and also in Mrs. Morse, wife of the inventor of the telegraph. Both of these women attained a high degree of usefulness. In fact, the care of the general family of unfortunates is now more freely exercised than ever before, with encouraging results."

Civil Rights in Virginia.

A Virginia paper reports that one of the colored maids at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution in Staunton last week put a shawl belonging to one of the pupils on her shoulders with the intention of wearing it. Being ordered to take it off, she said it was as much hers as anybody's—that the State paid for it, and that her right to it was as good as that of the scholar who wore it—the "Civilized bill" being passed, which made State property common property. This extraordinary stand taken by an employee was reported to Capt. McCoy, the Superintendent, who, after an investigation, ordered her to be paid up and discharged.

The Friends.

I wish your readers could see our cousin's dog! He is a large white, and black-fellow; and I named him Komponeti. He is a very useful dog, for he kills rats and keeps away robbers.

Kouponeti looks old enough, and my cousin has two pet kittens. I have been with my uncle for a few days, and I often met the kittens and Komponeti, which were the best of friends. They ate, played and walked together; and what was funnier still, they went together. When the cats die, the dog will feel very lonely.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Upper Red Hook, Feb., 1875.

BORN.

On the 24th of Feb., 1875, twin boys to Mr. E. P. Wood of Syracuse, weighing respectively 7 and 6 pounds. The lighter one did not, however, live, and is now laid in our beautiful Oakwood Cemetery. The living one is well and plump. How proud Mr. Wood would apparently be if the lost one was spared to grow up with its twin brother. ANON.

A Narrow Escape.

On Saturday last Mr. Barret and Mr. John Driggs were driving on North St. and just about to cross the railroad when they heard the whistle of the engine at the depot. The high piles of snow on either side prevented their seeing the track, but believing they had ample time to cross, they drove on and were just descending to the iron road when a train appeared coming from the other direction. The driver then gave the horses a blow, which caused them to jump so as to throw both men from the sleigh; but Mr. Barret, having hold of the lines, was dragged up the bank, leaving Mr. Driggs to shift for himself. The leg of the latter was hurt in the fall, and he barely succeeded in getting out of the way.

PARISH.

Several of our articles of late have been snowed in. This time we send a little earlier than usual, to see if this has the same fate.

One of the twin sons of Mr. A. H. Morse, has recently died, in Syracuse, of small pox. The other twin son and wife are both very sick with the same disease at Syracuse, and there are but very little hopes of their recovery.

Our town meeting was quite spirited. The democrats elected all of their ticket except Town Clerk, Assessor, two Inspectors of Election and one Constable. Supervisor, Jerry Foley, 91 maj.; Town Clerk, G. M. Slawson, 87 maj.; Justice, Edmund Potter, 122 maj.; Collector, E. D. Edick, 187 maj.; Poor Master, Con. Brockway, 11 maj.; Commissioner of Highways, Dr. Green. The doctor is joked for the third time with 114 maj. Allen Rulison and B. C. Purington are elected Inspectors of Election, and J. R. Casler is appointed; E. D. Edick, Warren Brown, C. L. Schuyler, Peter Minckler, Jr., democrats, and Stephen Palmer, republican, were elected Constables. Truman Redington, Game Constable. The town voted for license. The Excise Commissioners are Luny Thayer, 3 years, Aschel Coan, 2 years, and Richard Hakes, 1 year. Both tickets for Excise Commissioners were license, but the ticket that was defeated would license only hotels. Quite a number of voters did not vote for any one for License Commissioners.

We notice in the communication of F. W. Squires, of this week, in regard to the length of time some individuals have served as Justice of the Peace in this county. Hon. Luny Thayer, of this town, has served in that capacity over 30 years, and during that time he never had a decision reversed by a higher court. Can as much be said for any other individual who has served so long? Besides this, he has served four terms as Supervisor of the town, four or five years as Justice of the Sessions, and one year as Member of Assembly. His name is to be found in Hammond's History of the Political Parties of this State, in regard to the election of Hon. Horatio Seymour Speaker of the Assembly in 1845. He and another individual called on Gov. Wright to know if Mr. Seymour's election would be offensive to him. The reply was, no! For many years, Mr. Thayer was the "war horse"

of the democracy in this town. Of late, he has somewhat retired from the political field, still he is not without anxiety for his old political comrades' safety and honor.

Parish, March 6, 1875.

COLOSSE.

Foolishly, perhaps, but I am troubled very much over the spelling and pronunciation of words in our English language. Two or more ways of spelling, and two or more pronunciations are given by the same author. But there is still a greater puzzle over the meaning of words both written and spoken; as found in the political organs of the day, and on the canvass-stump, for office. Political would-be demagogues, herald and are being heralded as staunch in the principles dear to the party. The sad experience of the past has taught us that yes means yes, and no, no, until a higher bid is offered. We do not believe in the sweeping statement, that the entire political world has become one grand mass of nauseous corruption; but such has been the career of some office seekers and office holders, that political confidence has lost its sunny orbit by several degrees. Perhaps this was always so, but somehow, there appears in the political constellation a *glittering orb* of great magnitude, whose attractions, in some instances, over-balance all honor and integrity. Perhaps the honor and integrity of some of these office holders are like some of the wheat fields in the great West, after the chinch bug (*Microgaster leucopertus*) have passed through—more chaff than wheat. Not republican, not democrat, but men of unquestionable integrity and fitness should fill the places of honor, from the President down to Excise Commissioners. A pretty lengthy preface for a very short article; but this brings us to chapter the first. Are our Excise Commissioners "true blue"—reliable temperance men? It is already said by parties in favor of license, that "money enough will buy them." We are told by the friends of the temperance cause, friends of the moral elevation of fallen humanity, that our board is made up of men whose reputations are beyond suspicion—whose characters are not in the market. If this be true, we wait without getting weary, the carrying out of temperance principles in the town of Mexico. Shut in, as we are, on nearly every side, by licensed towns, it becomes us to prove by unremitting energy, a reformation worthy the temperance cause.

The election is past, but this is no time to fold our arms and loiter by the way. Up, then, temperance men, yes and women, and let us pick up the stones, harrow down the cradle knolls, and beat back the aggressive briar-patch, and make Mexico the queen of towns in Oswego county. Chapter the second will appear in due time.

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Colosse, March 5, 1875.

CENTRAL SQUARE.

MR. EDITOR:—Our little town is still revolving with the rest of the world. We are sure of this; for our knowledge is not derived from anything so uncertain and irregular as our information of the outside world has been of late, but is deduced from astronomical facts. The sun is getting up in the heavens, and we have faith to believe that he will yet cross the line, and move on towards the Tropics. Somehow, that word tropic does not seem nearly as oppressive as it did last August. On the whole, it has a rather cheering sound.

Mrs. H. C. Devendorf has started for her home in Georgia, fully satisfied that she does not care to spend another winter with us.

Mrs. Rebecca Holmes, who has for some time been in ill-health, left home a few days since to visit in Baltimore until spring. Her many friends are hoping that a milder atmosphere may do much to restore her health. Being for many years a resident of this place, she is known and loved by all, and not least by her Bible class in the Baptist Sunday School. For more than twenty years, when not detained by sickness, she has, with more than ordinary faithfulness and ability, taught her class in the same corner pav.

Mrs. Rev. D. D. Owen is visiting at her father's in Orlanqui. The train on which these two ladies left this place became set in a snow bank a few miles this side of Liverpool. The gentlemen on board walked on to the station, giving the ladies an opportunity to enjoy each other's company for about twenty-four hours.

Town meeting was unusually lively this year. Three tickets were nominated. The Prohibitionists, with mistaken zeal, made great efforts to get in as many tickets as possible, and in a great measure neglecting to make an effort for the Excise Board, which was really the only hope for the temperance principle. With shame we confess that the town gave a large majority for license. T. W. Green, Rep., was elected Supervisor; majority, 17. The remainder of the ticket was divided between the Republicans and Democrats, none of the majorities being large. M.

Central Square, March 6, 1875.

In the case of Lindsay, the Baldwinville murderer, sentenced to be hung in Syracuse, March 26, Friday, Judge Hardin signed a bill of exceptions. An application for a stay of proceedings was granted *pro forma* to be heard at the general term the first Tuesday in April. This will delay the execution.

Hon. Avery Skinner says that during the fifty-eight years which he has lived in Jefferson and Oswego counties he has not known so severe a winter as this—so much continuous cold weather.—*Watertown Times*.

NEW HAVEN.

Last Friday evening the praying association took their departure, after two weeks' labor in this place. We rejoice to say that they left with the benediction of seventy joyous hearts, who will long remember the earnest prayers offered to God in their behalf, and I trust by living a devoted life will show to the world, that of a truth they have gained an emancipation from sin, and their enfranchisement in righteousness.

Our town meeting passed off very quietly. H. J. Daggett was re-elected Supervisor, this being his third term.

W. W.

New Haven, Feb. 22, 1875.

Young People's Temperance Society.

On Wednesday evening, the 3d inst., a number of young people met in the Methodist church for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society. C. L. Griffith being in the chair, and L. W. Robinson, Secretary pro tem. After devotional exercises, Messrs. A. Thomas, W. Sainsbury, R. L. Nelson, J. H. Cogan, J. Pettit, Chas. Beebe, Earl Soule, George Severance, and others made short and appropriate addresses. A Society was then organized, and the following persons chosen officers:

President—Chas. Beebe.
Vice-Presidents—E. B. Wheeler, W. H. Ballou, Misses H. Richardson and H. Fish.

Treasurer—Earl D. Soule.
Secretary—H. C. Plumley.
A committee was appointed to draft a constitution. A pledge was adopted and circulated, and quite a number of signatures have already been obtained. The meeting passed off pleasantly, and we believe that our young friends may be the means of doing much good if they will continue in the good work which they have begun. They adjourned to meet in the Lecture-room of the Presbyterian church this (Wednesday) evening. Both old and young, temperate and intemperate, are cordially invited to attend.

A New Grange.

A new Grange was organized by A. J. Potter, County Deputy, at Sayles' Corners, Palermo, on Monday evening, the 8th inst.

The following officers were elected: W. M. Bartlett, Master; Wm. Lansing, Overseer; Ira Campbell, Lecturer; Henry Jackson, Steward; E. E. Sayles, Asst. Steward; Marcus Bartlett, Chaplain; Wm. A. Bartlett, Treasurer; Mrs. J. I. Steward, Secretary; Benton Holbrook, Gate Keeper; Mrs. R. H. Bartlett, Ceres; Mrs. Jane F. Lansing, Pomona; Mrs. Albert Coe, Flora; Miss Armitta Campbell, Lady Asst. Steward; Executive Committee, J. F. Lansing, J. G. Wilcox, Marcus Bartlett.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Mexico Grange, No. 218, the following preamble and resolutions of respect were adopted in regard to the death of sister Eliza Everts:

Whereas, in the providence of God, the destroying angel has cast his shadow over us, and it has become our painful duty to record the death of our late sister, Eliza Everts, it becomes us to pay a tribute of respect and affection to departed worth. We would not eulogize the dead, but commend her virtues, her affable, gentle demeanor, her goodness, her genial and social nature—qualities which conspired to elicit the esteem and love of those who knew her best, and were the natural outgrowth of a loving principle implanted in the heart by the Father of all good. But now her seat with us is vacant; she has passed beyond the range of mortal vision, and her influence comes upon us like the fragrance of flowers, silent, invisible, incomprehensible, yet commanding our profound admiration; and the inspiration of this blessed memory prompts us to offer the following:

Resolved, That we as a Grange deplore the loss of our esteemed sister; and now that she has been called to a higher and holier state of existence, we will strive to emulate her virtues, and thus, in the truest sense, perpetuate her memory.

Resolved, That while we yield submissively to the Divine will, we will extend our warmest sympathies to the heart-stricken parents, ever commending them to God, who "doeth all things well," and doing all in our power to alleviate their sufferings.

Resolved, That this preamble and resolutions be published in the Mexico Independent, and that a copy of the same be sent to the parents of the deceased.

By ORDER OF COM.

MRS. A. L. SAMPRON,

MRS. S. C. GREEN,

MR. WM. A. BALL.

Fares on the R. W. & O. R.R. were reduced from 3¢ cents, to 3 cents per mile on March 1st. No commutation or 1,000 mile tickets and no reduction from the rate of 3 cents per mile will hereafter be granted to any person.

A Watertown physician asks the newspapers to request those who have cows to report whether the kine pox or cow pox, exists anywhere in the country districts. It is said that when small pox is epidemic, kine pox also prevails, and in its absence small pox is not epidemic.

We notice that in our old town, (Devizes, Eng.) a short time ago, a grand tea-meeting was held at which more than 1,200 Sunday-school teachers and scholars sat down to tea provided for them by one lady, Mrs. E. B. Anstie. The room was beautifully decorated, addresses were given, and each child on passing out received a copy of the New Testament, a few tracts and an orange. That lady will be remembered.

To-day. Facts and Fancies.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night will return.

Behold it aforeside
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Good Enough for Every Day.

I am vexed with the girls saying:
"Oh, it's good enough for every day!"
A girl will set the table for dinner, as she
throws the dirty cloth on in a careless,
untidy way, stained with coffee and eggs
and fruit juices, she will say, "It's good
enough for every day—nobody here but
our own folks!"

As she puts on the cream pitcher,
minus a handle, or a sugar bowl with a
broken lid, she thinks, "Oh, there'll be
nobody here this time!"

She waits on the table without having
brushed her hair or put on a fresh collar;
with, maybe, a button or two off her
dress—but she thinks: "Hey, only our
own folks!"

Oh, my dear girl, don't do it!

How can your parents admire you, or
your brothers and sisters feel proud of
you, and what a low estimate of woman-
kind you are giving them to carry out
into the world with them. When you
do this you do not respect yourself. You
feel as mean as you look. Don't allow
yourself to have "company manners." Be
neat and lady like all the time; use
good language, and encourage your fam-
ily to do the same.

Some girls always have to run and
hide, or "fix up," whenever they hear a
rap at the door. How common, when
there is a rap to hear girls say:
"Oh! see how awful I do appear!"
"Oh, look at this old rag of a dress!"
I can't go—see there, now!"

This is a bad state of affairs.

Farmers' wives and daughters have
said to me, "I can't go looking neat
about my work. I have to milk and
bake and churn and feed pigs; how can
I! If you were in my place, you
would see."

To a woman who says she can't see
how a farmer's wife or daughter can be
tidily dressed while employed with all
sorts of work, we say:

Calico is cheap and plain, and neat
dresses are easily made, have plenty of
them then. You can have two or three
large white aprons with ties, half a doz-
en collars, made to pin on in a trice, and
you can take time enough to brush your
hair smoothly, early in the morning,
when you wash. If you are churning
or working butter, put up your sleeves,
the best plan is to roll them back, as you
turn back a wide cuff, if only shoved up
they will slip down every two minutes.

If carrying off buttermilk, or the milk
after skimming, be careful and not fill
your pails too full to carry without slop-
ping.

If your dress is long, and you are work-
ing in the cellar or spring house, pin it
back in front and catch it up behind, and
let your wide apron cover all.

If your breast pin and ear drops are
not too elaborate, or too valuable, wear
them about your work.

Just look as pretty as you please, and
as sweet as you can—never mind what
the old croakers say."

Tribute to a Mother.

Children look in those eyes, listen to
that dear voice, notice the feeling of even
a single touch that is bestowed upon you
by that gentle hand! Make much of it
while yet you have that most precious of
all good gifts a loving mother. Read the
unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind
anxiety of that tone and look, however
slight your pain. In after-life you may
have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but
never will you have again the inexpress-
ible love and gentleness lavished upon
you which none but a mother bestows.

Often do I sigh in my struggles with the
hard, uncaring world, for the sweet,
nestling security I felt when, on an evening,
nestling in her bosom, I listened to some
quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in
her tender and untiring voice. Never
can I forget her sweet glances cast upon
me when I appeared asleep; never her
kiss of peace at night. Years have passed
away since we laid her beside my father
in the old churchyard; yet, still her
voice whispers from the grave, and her
eye watches over me, as I visit spots long
since hallowed to the memory of my
mother.—Lord Macaulay.

An enterprising Oregon dentist
advertises "teeth in exchange for wheat,
pork or potatoes."

—A Western incident is thus deli-
cately touched by the Milwaukee News:
"Ned Vose used to travel around Colo-
rado with a performing bear, but a
great change came one day last week,
and now the bear travels around alone,
thinking over old times, and occasionally
leaning up against a tree as a pang
shoots through his bowels. Ned is in-
side that bear."

Girls should be warned of the dan-
ger they run in marrying railroad brake-
men. An enthusiastic member of that
fraternity, on being awakened the other
night from a dream of an impending
crash by a train found himself sitting
up in bed, holding his wife by the ears,
having nearly twisted her head off in
his frantic efforts to "down brakes."

Music by the handle—a street or-
gan.

—The sentinel who did not sleep on
his watch had it left at the pawn-
broker's.

—The dog that leads the blind man
to the different free lunches is a bar
pilot.

—A dressmaker's apprentice speaks
of her cross-eyed lover as the fellow whose
looks are cut bias.

—The Spaniards believe that Jack
the Giant-Killer was a real personage,
and that he lived in Canada.

—Mark Twain says the Sandwich
Islanders are generally as unlettered as
the other side of a tombstone.

—Little Rhoddy proposes to have her
census taken. That's easy enough—let
the people stand up and be counted.

—The lady who advertised to lecture
on the subject of "Moods," was disgust-
ed at not having the "first person
present."

—Avoid annoyance; be cautious and
kindly. It is not safe to trample upon
so humble a thing as a bit of orange
peel.

—Samuel W. Allen, of Nevada, is be-
lieved to be the greatest herdsman in the
world. His rancho is eighty miles long,
and he owns 225,000 head of cattle.

—We learn from the San Francisco
Bulletin that there has been a revival of
religion at St. Helena, and that a pro-
tracted meeting of five weeks' duration
had very gratifying results.

—A coon trap in Nelson county, Ky.,
closed on a dog that had just been im-
ported from the estate of the Duke of
Argyle. The animal was worth \$1,000
when he had four legs, but now he runs
on only three.

—A wonderful exhibition has been
opened at Brussels. It is a collection of
about 100 landscapes of great merit
painted by a boy named Fritz Kerchov-
e, of Bruges, who died an idiot at eleven
years of age.

—Forbearance is not always a virtue,
even in a clergyman. Imagine the feel-
ings of the rural divine who, after get-
ting fifty cents for marrying a couple,
found that the bridegroom had gone off
with his new silk hat.

—Josh Billings says: "If you are
going to give a man anything, give it to
him cheerfully and quick, don't make
him get down on his knees in front of
you and listen to the ten commandments
and then give him five cents."

—An eminent foreign physician as-
serts that the drinking of coffee invigor-
ates and improves the sight, and renders
unnecessary the use of spectacles, while
he considers the use of chocolate in-
jurious to the vision.

—A newly-made constable in Con-
necticut celebrated his election by turn-
ing his overcoat inside out, exposing the
red lining. Then he started for home
across a field, and didn't have to
climb the fence, because a certain en-
raged bull lifted him over.

—An Idaho gentleman stripped him-
self, hung his apparel on a saw-buck,
and retired on a pile of cord-wood. His
mistake was discovered by his wife, who
overheard him quarreling with an im-
aginary old woman about there not
being cover enough on the bed.

—A would-be teacher in Toledo re-
cently replied to a question by one of the
examiners: "Do you think the world is
round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some
people think one way and some another,
and I'll teach them round or flat just as
the parents please."

—A publisher in Dayton, Ohio, ad-
vertised by posters Talmage's book, "Old
Wells Dug Out." He soon received a
note: "Dear Sir: I see you have old
wells dug out. I have an old well which
needs looking to. Send your man round
to 17 La Belle street, and oblige yours,
Richard Ford."

—Even in the saloons, opinions upon
grave subjects are expressed forcibly. A
gentleman slightly under the influence
of the intoxicating bowl furnished proof
of this fact a night or two ago. "Whis-
ky, zur," he said, "hic—brightens the
intellect. It ought to be introduced
into the public schools, zur."

—A little girl about nine years old,
says the Detroit Free Press, was cross-
ing the Campus Martius yesterday, hav-
ing her father's dinner pail on her arm,
when a man gave a pull at the long
braids of her hair hanging down her back.
"Did you do that, sir?" she exclaimed,
whirling around. He admitted that he
did, and she continued: "May be you
don't know who I am, sir. I'm engaged
to Jack Thompson, sir, and we're to be
married in nine years, sir!"

—A gentleman in want of a house-
keeper tried an odd experiment. He
sent two advertisements, one for a lady
of education and elegant manners, qual-
ified to act as a companion as well as
housekeeper, and was overwhelmed with
replies. The only requirement in the
other advertisement was that the lady
should be plain in features, but not a so-
litary applicant appeared to answer that
appeal.

KNOWLEDGE IS MIGHTY. Th-
saves you money and makes your home and family
better and happier. THE DEAF-MUTE
ADVANCE is thoroughly identified with
the deaf and dumb in their Home and Social life. It
enters upon the 6th year with 1875. A very
good and cheap paper for every one. Only
\$1.00 a year.

Address DEAF-MUTE ADVANCE,
5-3m
Jacksonville, Illinois.

Brooks keeps on hand Sash,
Doors, Blinds, Window Glass. Give
him a call.

HOLBROOK'S
Family Liniment,
A Sure and Speedy Cure for
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Influenza, Asthma,
Sore Throat, Toothache, Headache,
Chills, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises,
Bites or Stings of Insects, Sore-
ness or Pains in the Limbs,
Feet and Joints, Pleurisy or
Pains in the Side, or Pains
of any Kind.

HOLBROOK'S Family LINIMENT
Should be used internally for Coughs, Colds,
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma,
Influenza, Soreness of Chest or Lungs,
Sore Throat, Quinzy, Pleurisy or Pains in the
Side, &c., &c.

Holbrook's Family Liniment
Should be used externally for Rheumatism,
Sprains, Burns or Scalds, Bruises, Bites or
Stings of Insects, Chills, Cuts, Pains in
the Limbs, Feet and Joints, Neuralgia, Tooth-
ache, &c., &c.

Holbrook's Family Liniment
Exceeds all other Remedies in the Cure of the
following Diseases in Horses and Cattle: Cuts,
Bruises, Collar Boils, Galls of all kinds, Spav-
ing, both blood and bone, Sprains, Lameness,
Sore shins, Inflammation, and healing of
Sores and Wounds from any cause.

Holbrook's Family Liniment
Is a positive Specific and relieves local Pain
more promptly than any other Medicine in use.
Testimonials are being constantly received which
place its powers in this respect beyond a doubt.

Every Family should have a bottle of Hol-
brook's Family Liniment at hand, in case of
sickness or accident.

Call on your Druggist and get a bottle of
Holbrook's Family Liniment.

GIVE IT A TRIAL.
Prepared by S. K. HOLBROOK, No. 20
North Water Street, Ogdensburg, to whom all
orders should be addressed.

Duggists can be supplied by JOHN
C. TAYLOR, Mexico, N. Y. 14-ly

CALDWELL'S
WINE and IRON Bitters
FOR THE CURE OF
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Kidney
Diseases,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
NERVOUS AFFECTIONS,
GENERAL PROSTRATION.

As a Morning Appetizer,
THEY HAVE NO RIVAL.

It absolutely purifies the blood. It speedily cor-
rects all morbid changes in the blood. It per-
fects digestion, rendering it natural and easy.
It banishes those clogs upon pleasure which
produce gloom. It improves the appetite, and
restores the system to its normal condition.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

CALDWELL'S COUGH CURE
For Coughs, Colds, Croup, &c.

Caldwell's Magnetic Chloroid,
An internal and external remedy.

CALDWELL'S
Lily Balm,
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE
COMPLEXION!
REMOVING
Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn,
Roughness, Tan, &c.

The Lily Balm will speedily remove the blem-
ish, and impart softness, transparency, a rosy
tinge and a pearl like lustre to the complexion.
It contains no poison. It is the best and cheap-
est skin medicine ever offered to the public. Full
directions on the label of each bottle. Price, 50
cents per bottle.

W. C. CALDWELL,
Proprietor and Manufacturer, Medina, N. Y.

For sale by
JOHN C. TAYLOR,
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, O. Dye Stuffs, &c.
46-ly Main Street Me. N. Y.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
For the relief and
cure of consti-
pation, bilious-
ness, indigestion,
headache, and
all the ailments
arising from
impure blood.
They are a mild,
aperient, and an
excellent purgative.
Being purely veg-
etable, they contain
no mercury or min-
eral whatever. Such
serious sickness and
suffering is prevent-
ed by their timely
use; and every family
should have them on
hand for their protec-
tion and relief, when
required. They are
the best and most
reliable of all the
pills with which
the human system
can be treated. They
expel the impurities
of the system, and
stimulate the action
of the bowels. Their
use is recommended
in all cases of bilious-
ness, indigestion, and
all the ailments
arising from
impure blood. They
are a mild,
aperient, and an
excellent purgative.
Being purely veg-
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can be treated.

Custom Grinding
Persons living in the corporation who
wish to order Flour and Feed of us can
rely on having their orders promptly
filled by
Leaving their orders at VIRGIL'S
BOOK STORE.
Give us a call. Send in your orders.
L. ROBBINS & SON
Mexico, Sept. 10, 1874. 45

MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE.—Whereas
default has been made in payment of the
mortgage debt secured by a certain indenture of
mortgage dated, made, executed, acknowledged and
delivered on the 25th day of October, in the year 1873,
between Henry J. Brooks, and Fidele A. Brooks, his wife, both of
the City of New York, of the first part, Mortgagees,
unto Delos Dewolf, President of The City Bank, of the
City and County of Oswego, New York, of the second
part, Mortgagee, to secure the payment of five thou-
sand dollars and interest thereon as therein described,
which there is now due the sum of six hundred, eighty-
one dollars and forty-eight cents, (\$681.48), and interest
thereon from October 25th, 1874. All of which, that is to
say the sum of \$681.48, and interest thereon, is now due,
and payable by reason of a condition in said mortgage,
providing that if any sum remain due and unpaid and
increased for ten days, the whole amount unpaid should
thereby become due and be payable immediately, at the
option of the mortgagee.

Which mortgage with the power of sale therein con-
tained, was recorded in the Oswego County Clerk's of-
fice on 20th day of December, 1873, in Book 100 of
mortgages, p. 27, &c.

And whereas, by such default having occurred in the
condition of the said mortgage, the power therein to
sell the said mortgaged premises became operative.

And whereas, no suit or proceedings at law or other-
wise have been instituted to recover the said debt re-
maining secured by the said mortgage, or any part
thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue
of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and re-
corded as aforesaid, and in pursuance of the statute in
such case made and provided, the premises in said
mortgage described, will be sold at public auction, at the
Banking office of The City Bank, in the City of Os-
wego, on the 20th day of February, 1875, at 2 o'clock in
the afternoon.

And the said mortgage will then and there thereby be
foreclosed.

The said mortgaged premises are described in said
mortgage in substance as follows, to wit:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate and
located in the town of Ambler, County of Oswego, and
State of New York, known and distinguished as lot 99,
in township number 6 of Saratoga patent; and is bound-
ed as follows, to wit: Beginning at the S. W. corner of
lot No. 87, at a stake 12 links west of a water ash, C.
M. D., 81-89, and runs thence S. 89° E. 15 chains 50
links to a high tree, C. M. D., thence S. 29° E. 29°
links to a stake, thence S. 89° E. 21 chains 20
links to the centre of the highway, thence along said
centre S. 21° W. 29 chains 52 links to the junction of the
two roads, thence along the centre of the road leading
by Arch Cummings as it was in 1858, 2 chains, thence
S. 21° W. 2 chains 4 links to a stake, thence S. 69° W.
5 chains 45 links, thence N. 21° E. 5 chains 60 links to
the centre of the highway, thence along said centre
northerly 4 chains 60 links, thence N. 21° E. 9 chains
10 links, thence N. 69° W. 5 chains 45 links, thence N.
21° E. 2 chains to a water ash, C. M. D., thence S. 69° W.
13 chains 50 links to a stake, thence N. 21° E. 22
chains to the place of beginning, containing 1104 acres
of land, more or less, and other parts or
portions of said lot 99 now owned by and Henry J.
Brooks; and together with the tannery and all other
buildings and erections thereon, and all engines, boilers,
vats, pools, leaches, idle mills, pumps, bark mills, rollers,
shuttling bays, belting, and all machinery, and tools
of whatever kind now located upon said lands or up-
on lot 100, hereinafter described.

Also all that certain other piece or parcel of land situate,
lying and being in Ambler, aforesaid, and known
and distinguished as that part of lot 100 in the said
township 6 of Saratoga patent, lying south of the steam
or pond of water and bounded as follows, to wit: Be-
ginning at the S. W. corner of said lot 100, and containing
sixty acres of land, of which fifty acres are improved farm-
ing land. It is intended by this instrument to mort-
gage and convey all of said lot 100 except so much as
was conveyed by said Brooks to deed to Martin Stearns.
It is intended by this instrument to mortgage and
convey 50 acres of said lot 99 being the remainder
thereof still owned by said Brooks. Dated November
25, 1874.

DELOS DEWOLF,
President of The City Bank,
Oswego, N. Y., Mortgagee.

GEORGE G. FRENCH,
Attorney of Mexico, N. Y.

The above mortgage foreclosure sale is hereby pub-
licly sold and adjourned until the 25th day of March, 1875,
at the same place and hour of the day above described.
Dated February 20th, 1875.

DELOS DEWOLF,
President of The City Bank,
Oswego, N. Y., Mortgagee.

GEORGE G. FRENCH,
Attorney, Mexico, N. Y.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists.
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Baker, Confectioner
AND
GROCER.
A. S. GIBSON
Manufactures
BREAD,
BUNS, CAKES,
COOKIES
&c., &c.,
Which he delivers at the houses of his customer.
to be found at his
store every day.

Also, he keeps on hand a large stock of
GROCERIES,
Of all kinds, always the best for the price.
TRY GIBSON'S
90c Jap T
And you will find it as cheap as the cheapest.
Wholesale Dealer in
Oysters, Candies, Cigars
and Crackers.

Which will be found as good and cheap as any
in the country. **A. S. GIBSON,**
No. 1 Empire Block, Main Street,
10 MEXICO, N. Y.
Mexico, Jan. 4, 1875.

RAILROAD
MILLS
Is the place to go for your
FLOUR & FEED,
Where there is kept constantly on hand
a stock of
FLOUR of all Grades, MEAL,
Shorts, Ships, Midds.,
Screenings, Graham
Flour, Rye Flour,
Cracked Corn

And everything pertaining to the trade.
The highest market price will be paid
for all kinds of grain. Having put
in **NEW MACHINERY,** we are prepared
to give entire satisfaction in all the
branches of

Custom Grinding
Persons living in the corporation who
wish to order Flour and Feed of us can
rely on having their orders promptly
filled by
Leaving their orders at VIRGIL'S
BOOK STORE.
Give us a call. Send in your orders.
L. ROBBINS & SON
Mexico, Sept. 10, 1874. 45

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.
OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of
HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.,
Who needs no introduction to our readers.
HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT
WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

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Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.
A PAPER
FOR THE
DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,
While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the
reader will receive the full benefit of them.

MADE AS COMPLETE
WILL BE AS POSSIBLE.
DEPARTMENT EVERY BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER
THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL
ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY
CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.
We are always on the lookout for something new,
and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor
to have every Institution and School for the deaf
represented in our columns, and we invite corre-
spondence and contributions from every part of the
globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome,
and will be gratefully acknowledged.

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registered letter.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

VINEGAR BITTERS
PURELY
VEGETABLE
FREE FROM
ALCOHOL
DIWALKER'S CALIFORNIA
VINEGAR BITTERS

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion upon the circulation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carnitative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Antibilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Inter-mittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scurful, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, &c. In these, as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, are liable to contract a paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Itch, Scabies, Pimples, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worm, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuge, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the threshold of manhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California,
and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

SCHUCHT & CO.
4
W. FAYETTE'S,
SYRACUSE, N.Y.
BOOK & JOB PRINTERS
WOOD ENGRAVERS
LITHOGRAPHERS & C.

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